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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.

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Written for the NEW YORK SATURDAY PROSE LIEBESWONNE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Grieving, with the player's art, With the languid palms of sorrow Polded on a dancing heart.

I must mix my love with death-dust, Lest the draught should make me i I must make believe at sorrow, Lest I perish over-glad.

THE GENTLEMAN

IN THE PLUM-COLORED COAT. BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER I.

My aunt was the centre of an aureola of good report She was rumored to be rich. I was strennously bid-den never to forget this fact, and to be accordingly un-remitting in my attention to her. "A widow and without a family," exclaimed all my well-wishers; "what is she to do with her money if she does not leave it to her most respectful and respectable of

fashionable about, say a century ago;—for Fashion is a vagrant deitÿ, enjoying the rites of her altars not as freeholds in perpetuity, but on lessehold tenures for very short terms of years. Commerce and Poverty are the bailiffs that ceaselessly dog her footsteps, distrain Yet the neighborhood in which my aunt abode, tho Pashion had long since wandered miles away from it is Fashion had long since wandered miles away from it in pursuit of that aristocratic imis futuus called exclusive-ness, had not suffered deeply in its respectability. The knockers, it is true, no longer trembled beneath the wrought-up energies of radiant footmen; the rum ble of coronetted chariots, the shouts of loud-lunged linkmen no longer roused the echoes of the streets, but Trade as yet held aloof—a Dariocles sword hanging

medicine had firmly fixed themselves. Art had been cutting up the first-floor windows. Charity and sci-

When I mention repose, I would have the word un derstood in a qualified way. For though the vested in-terests of a century were respected, and the inhabitants were still at liberty to maintain posts, chains, and were still at liberty to maintain posts, chains, and gates to ward off the profane vulgar, prevent the descrating influence of cals and carts, and generally establish as many obstacles and inconveniences to public comfort as was any way practicable—for though "No different was inscribed in every direction, till the streets got quite rusty and mildewed from want of use, and fringes of dank grass bedecked the pavings was an always put away her work, folded her hands stones—for though a beadle was instituted and salaried for the—proper preservation of order and quiet—still—the repuse of the place was subject to severe and defer her, placed her feet upon the fender,—she had a fire nearly all the year round,—and sat quite still for nearly all the year round,—and sat quite still for nearly half an hour. She was not saleep; but she the repuse of the place was subject to severe and determined to the chock over the mantelpiece. the streets got quite rusty and mildewed from want of use, and fringes of dank grass bedecked the pavingstones. At eight o'clock my sunt always put away her work, folded her hands for the proper preservation of order and quite-still free nearly all the year round,—and sat quite still for the repose of the place was subject to severe and degrading invasion. For alast the beadle!—how changed from that beadle formerly governing the quietude of Abigail Place, Masham Square!—was a little withered old man in a faded uniform, off which the gold trimmings had melted like the glories of yesterday's sunset. The coat he was doomed to wear had evidently in the first construction been planned for a much larger person. He was poor and feeble, quite incapable of the martial air and over-awelling dignity proper to the British beadle. He suffered from cold in the head. cit. The coat he was doomed to wear hast evidency in its first construction been planned for a much larger person. He was poor and feeble, quite incapable of the martial air and over-swelling dignity proper to the British beadle. He suffered from cold in the head, both chronic and acute in its attacks, and in defiance of all regulation proprieties would insist on disfiguring his the bell.

She is not beautiful, but attractive from her amiable, then range and duly led to the altar by a gen-substitution proprieties would insist on disfiguring his the bell.

The coat he was doomed to wear and evidency of grotesque clock. It was hemmed in by a variety of grotesque clock. It was hemmed in the fill was the clock and the clock until the clock

an enerty say, and and thin, with large ures and light grey eyes, stony and staring Something of a yellow tone prevailed in her pect, from her pale sallow complexion, and ence in wearing, no matter the season of the long thin hands were atways clothed with black lace mittens, through the interstices of which various jewelled rings sparkled handly. Stiff ringlets of a dead black has were colled upon each side of her forehead, and confined in a manner that fostered suspicion as to their genuineness by a black relvet band, from which a "Unless what?" My aunt looked up eagerly. "Unless what?" My aunt looked up eagerly. "Unless what?" My aunt looked up eagerly.

wool-ball in an enclosed basket at her leet, rolling about as the work required it, unwinding like a desperately active rat in a wire cage. Occasionally, too, she executed another species of work which rendered it necessary that she should insert her foot in a stirrup, and go bowing and jogging on as though she were engaged in equestrian exercise of a prolonged and energetic character. The destination of my aunt's ork no one ever knew. As soon as one comforter we completed another was commenced, and by a currou nonnistency, the hotter the weather the more sealous ally she left her seat to move to the window, and nega-tive by severe shakings of her head the petitions of pertinacious beggars or obstinate organ-men. And now and then she indulged herself in a promenade up and down her small sitting-room, always walking very upright, and joining her hands behind her in quite a quarter-deck commanding-officer sort of way. But her love of exercise was not strong, and she was more fre-quently to be found sitting on the sofa by the fix-knitting to the musical purring of a fat black and white cat with a pink nose, the very feline incarnation of luxurious content and selfah enjoyment. ally she left her seat to move to the window, and neg

My aunt had a favorite and confidential servan named Willis, who had lived with her for about thirt; on her head a fabric of wire and mnalin, in which so on mer nead a manne of wire and mname, in which some type of Orientalism was traceable, and which she called a "turbot;" and rejoiced in black mittens on her hands, though of a less open and heavier material. Her respect for my aunt amounted to veneration. Her care and attention were unremitting; and my aunt re-Her respect for my aunt amounted to veneration. Her care and attention were unremitting; and my aunt rewarded the fidelity of her companion by admitting her to closer terms of intimacy and friendship than are usual between mistress and servant. Her regard for my aunt Willis also, though in a less degree, extended to her relatives. I know that I often received at her

It was a peculiarity shared by my aunt and Willis to clothe me with a youthfulness which was really inap-propriate. My aunt invariably addressed me as "child," and Willis always preferred to give me the prefix of

and Willis always preferred to give me the prefix of "master" in lieu of the more mature "mister," to which my years very fairly entitled me. "Willis, take the child's hat," said my aint, when-ever I called to pay my respects and inquire after her health. She never rose from her seat, but always nodded her head in a severely kind way, and held out a

thin cold finger for me to ahake.

"I hope you're quite well, Master ——?" inquired
Willis, in a friendly, patronising way. It was wonderful with what a schoolboy feeling I became possessed.
It always seemed as likely as not that they would on

"now you do grow, master—, with would ge on good-naturedly; "quite out of all knowledge." If she meant old, she was tolerably correct; but if, as I believe, ahe alluded to my beight, it was a singular observation, since for many a long day no inch had been added to my stature.

Our conversation was not very well sustained. It seldom comprised more than a discussion on the weath-or, my aunt always maintaining that the seasons had

the bell:

"Tas, Willia"

The sound and the term in a search in a long and any haved conforter, terminaling in worsted balls that swayed and bobbed about before him like parti-colored pippins in a high wind. The former beadler's massive staff of office, which seemed to have effervesced and bubbed about before him like parti-colored pippins in a high wind. The former beadler's massive staff of office, which seemed to have effervesced and burst often the top in a large trans nutble, had dependented in the top in a large trans nutble, had dependented in the top in a large trans nutble, had dependented in the particle of the dependent of the dependent of the same and a large trans no armed hope to make head against the army of boys that resorted to Abigail Place for "fly the garter," by a sooth," and "three-hole" pirposes? Was he not rather a bye-word and a repreach amongst these interpt juvenilles. "Could he turn the assaults of grin-ning, white-feeder," and "globe roulant" acrobate its field officially in the perchased in his destiny. He let the peace of Abigail Place, and one—who was the destiny. He let the peace of Abigail Place, and the largest words and a repreach and may be and may be an an and myself, and a third of much more elaborated cost. My aunt lived in the old bow-windowed house, No. 6, in Abigail Place.

She was an an adversariable of the was not to be expected of him. He acquise-coal in his destiny. He let the peace of Abigail Place, and the peace of the official functions, he outwardly be trayed no emotion save a lively appreciation of the Prince of Grange publish—house, and the joys to be there pare the same of the peace of the contral peace of the same and the peace of the peace of the soft in the peace of the contral peace of the peace of the peace of the peace of

aunt was mad, —"had a loose slate," was the expres-sion—and attified themselves with that explanation, but it never satisfied me. That some fixed notion ab-sorbed her, that her whole faculties were concentrated

I have to revert to days when those extinct marves called Tory gentlemen, over deep glasses of fiery Port, held "Boney" in stinging derision; when an elderiy prince, corpolently déboussir, with a strong feeling for auburn wigs and massive, balustrade-like calves, swayed the destiny of Britain as deputy for a post swayed the destiny of Britain as deputy for a post elderly king, whom mental embarrasment had concleded by king, whom mental embarrasment had concl

his red-hot shells of poems upon amased London.

It is not with London that I have to deal, however, but with the classic city founded by Raidud, Son of Lud Hudibras, Eighth King of the Britons.—with Rath, of hot-spring and pump-room fame, ahining fair and clean amids its hills, like a lump of white sugar in a green cut.

The lady went home, and in due time sank back in the agreem cut.

My aunt turned her eyes to the clock at every passes in the proceeding. It was also o'clock by the time the tea was ready for outpouring. As the clock struck my aunt rang the bell again.

"Well, Willis?" my aunt said, inquiringly: Willis wore a vague mysterious look.

"It's aline and past," she said.

"No." My aunt heaved a deep sigh.

"He'll hardly be here now," Willis continued.

"No." My aunt looked very sad indeed. Willis shock her head strangely and solemnly.

"He must know by this time," said my aunt.

"Of course he does," Willis answered, "unless—"

"Unless what?" My annt looked up eagerly.

"Unless he's gone to the Northeast." Willis spoke in a low voice.

"Or to the Southeast." My annt bowed her head in a smournful way.

"Ay, or to the Northwest," Willis went on.

"Or to the Southeast." My annt hid her face in make up her mind whether she should cross overor or six was a structured and six was the clock at every was. was timed and shy: it was her first ball. From a caver! Poor soul, it's a consolation to think that she eighteously. "I shall never find such anothey; never—awer! Foor soul, it's a consolation to reflect city of Bath, and she found the air a little over-counted with pommade, a little deficient in freshness altogether. And a great difficult was firstly was fittle deficient in freshness altogether. And a great difficult was fittle deficient in freshness altogether. And a great difficult was fittle deficient in freshness altogether. And a great difficult was favority and great fittle over-counted with pommade, a little over-counted with po

o'clock, Willis."

And then my aunt poured out the tea.

What did this mean?

The same formula went on each time I paid my evening visit to my aunt. The same interchange of looks and words; the same question and reply; the same and words; the same going out into the street; and Southwest and So

"Hush, Master——," cried Willis, with a frightened gesture.

"Children shouldn't ask questions," said my sunt grimly, and with a petrified look about her eyes. She was seriously offended; she did not speak to me again that evening. At tep o'clock abe took her usual refreshment of a glass of hot inky-looking elder wine, and satick of dry toast, and then was led away to bed by Willis.

I never dared to repeat the inquiry. People said my sunt was mad,—"had a loose slate," was the expression—and satisfied themselves with that explanation, but it never satisfied me. That some fixed notion about it never satisfied me. That some fixed notion about it never work with false collars of suppositions of the gentleman is an referring to wore a bright green. She gentleman is am referring to wore a bright green. She where; that he must be written to, and that are where; that he must be written to, and that she where; that he must be written to, and that she wild plus shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It was the capture and the tending that the talls,—very tight in its selectes, very rolling. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It is c

aunt was mad,—"had a loose slate," was the expression—and satisfied themselves with that explanation, the ceremonies—to the politic application of the gentication that never satisfied me. That some fixed notion also but it never satisfied me. That some fixed notion also be the dance. The gentleman appreciating her trouble upon one particular idea, seemed likely. Yet this, "though it lacked form a little, was not like madnes."

II.

II.

III.

The gentleman appreciating her trouble train in a firm decided manner, and they started off on hear."

III.

The particular idea, seemed likely down the wonderful circling career. There was a loud.

prejudices in favor of the "Gavotte," "Sir " and "The Tank," growled out lowly, but in-

condensement of the dancers on their tri-umph. Such a thing was almost without precedent. Between the lady and the gentleman, however, little conversation passed, for dancing and talking are not altogether compatible. Once he asked her if she

"Ah! Master —, she was the kindest, truest, goodest mistress that ever was." Willis sobbed pitcounty. "I shall never find such another; never—never! Poor soul, it's a comfort to think that she didn't want for nothing. It's a consolation to reflect on, that is. Her wants weren't many, but she had them all supplied."

A thought occurred to me.

"Not all," I said.

Willis looked up inquiringly through her tears.

"I should never forgive myself, if he were to come and find us unprepared for him."

Willis seemed to think the consequences of such a contingency would be utterly terrible.

"You had better go to the corner, Willis, and look out."

"Certainly."

And Willis left the room, and I could hear her go out into the street. My sunt did not speak or move, or take the slightest notice of my presence: she kept her gase fixed to the clock. In a few minutes Willis returned. My sunt turned towards her anniously; but the expression on Willis's countenance seemed to be a sufficient answer.

"He'll not come now," said my sunt.

"I think not."

"And the night's fine?"

"Not too cold!"

"No, not too cold!"

"No, not too cold!"

"No, not too cold!"

"I think not."

"No, not too cold!"

"No, not con cold!"

"No, not con cold!"

"No, not

same doubts about the North and Southeast, the North
and Southwest; the same going out into the street;
the same gazing at the clock; the same return alone
of Willis, and observations upon the weather. What
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was an average specimen of the master of the certhe same at the same gazing and predict the future by looking
in teacups and spreading out packs of cards. Well,
my mistress heard of this, and predict the future by looking
in teacups and spreading out packs of cards. Well,
my mistress heard of this, and a last made up her
mind to see the woman, and try if she could tell where
the gentleman was to be found. Well, the pack
the gazing and of ol

"Yes, Master -; she wrote four letters: they were all alike. She kept a copy of what she wrote; I know where to find it -I'll show it to you."

She produced a sheet of notepaper, written upon

Dang Sin,—Many years ago you may remember meeting the present writer at a ball in Bath. I wore a lace frock over white silk, with a bine sash. You were dressed in a green waistocat and a plum-colored coat. I have been married, but my husband is dead, and I am now free again. Pray come and see me. There is nothing Nowic prevent our union.

" How were the letters directed?" "Simply 'To the Gentleman in the Plum-colored Coat, North, South, East, West."

"Well, we were to post the letters at the most dis-tant London postoffices we could find. My mistress hired a fly and went round posting her letters. One one who, having scribbled a paragraph, writes himself down as of the "Press," and presumes to write notes was put in at Camberwell, one at lalington, one at Kensington, and one in Whitechapel. The wise-woman was told of this, and said we had done quite for cards of invitation which I was obliged to refuse

arrive in a very few days, and that he would appear precisely at teatime, at nine o'clock." "He didn't come?" "He didn't, indeed, Master ———! But my mis woman to try to learn more about him. But the wo-man had left the neighborhood suddenly, and we couldn't find out where she had moved to. Then we thad a great talking over of the matter, and my mis-tress wouldn't give up that he would come yet, but was only frightened about his having gone to the Northeast or Northwest, or to the Southeast or South-like the word of the southeast or South-diers to view, yet with no better success. west, and so not got the letters. So she expected him, and made tea for him, and waited, and sent me out to look for him every night, poor thing, right up to her

death last Tuesday

"And did you expect him, Willis?"
"Well, Master ____! what with th and my mistress, and the incessant talking about him, come, I got to think of it at last as all true and likely, and to actually believe that he would come. Ah! it's a sad business to think that she should have died

And Willis gave way again to her tears.

mania.

I never read in the newspapers of a fortune-teller.

I never read in the newspapers of a fortune-teller taken up for swindling, but I think of the wise-woman and trust that the worthy who preyed upon my aunt, and trust that the worthy magistrate will deal out the law with the utmost rigor. I never see a stout old gentleman, curly in

aunt at the Bath ball in 18—.

I may mention that my aunt's wealth had been the subject of a grievous exaggeration. The nabob had played highly, and at his death left his widow little more than a comfortable annuity, which died with her. Of her savings, however, there was enough to secure a small pension for the faithful Willis. All that I re-

— A literary gentleman now on a visit to Orkney and Zetland—Mr. Dasent, of the Isindon Timus' editorial staff—has undertaken to publish the Orkneyinga Saga. He is at present collecting materials for illustrative notes. The work will be welcomed by Ornadians in all

JOVE'S GREATEST BLESSING THE BARTLETT-LETTERS.

The states of the New Fort Transi:

The article in your issue of this date, headed "The late Wedding—The Press and Privacy," and intended as a reply by you to articles in the Philadelphia Press on the late wedding, does very great injustice to me and the members of my family. We claim to be from whatever source it may emanate, to say that, either individually or collectively, we or, as you

have it—

"They have themselves never claimed for it the immunities which New York journals are quite as ready to accord to private affairs as our neighbors further. South. They have on the contrary not only consented to its being regarded and treated as a public affair, but have given all possible aid to the newspapers in the endeavor to enlighten the public in regard to it. It certainly was not without their knowledge that the fact of the engagement was made known months ago through the Fress; the statements of the extent and nature of the bridgeroom's wealth were too minute, and we presume too accurate, to have come from any but the most reliable quarter, especially as he had not perviously been well enough known in New York to render such details otherwise accessible."

It saws without our knowledge that the Press were

It was without our knowledge that the Pr apprized of the engagement, but we could not denythe fact, when it was strictly true. I did urge upon editors, friends whom I met, not to admit such paragra nurried to the shops for news, or waylaid our servants with inquisitive questions, and did not hesitate to an-nounce the gross absurdity that the presents ordered amounted to \$600,000, that I had been presented with use, etc., etc. To have denied those themsand and-one gossipping tales would have kept me inun-dating your columns with cards of denial, and made me altogether ridiculous before the public. My house was daily annoyed with insulting, anonymous letters, and so was Mr. Oviedo's quarters, until we determined not to show his beautiful presents to any others than the very intimate relations of my or his family. morbid curiosity of gossippers. Is it a crime against society to have a large circle of acquaintances, and to write to them to witness a marriage ceremony? Is it ternity—having been myself twenth five years in the public service, and been associate proprietor and editor of journals on beth sides of our continual—(having myself written the first editorial ever printed in the now famous city of San Francisco and with my own hands, when Chief Magistrate there, pulled the press for the first printed sheet ever printed in that city)—was it so reany family, even if I did not happen to know every

and thus, perhaps, got up a feeling of hostility?

I must differ with you as to the object of those invitations. Editors and writers were invited as gene of any "reporter" receiving any card as such, al-though I have many gentlemen friends among the "re

I know that the various establishments which re ceived orders from Mr. Oviedo have been for months daily importuned for information and requested to rx-hibit their handiwork, while, by their instructions, they have been obliged to refuse such applications, a ders to view, yet with no better success.

If editors are ready and willing to publish

all sorts of gossiping paragraphs, either as original or copied, it is a double insult that they should then turn round and charge that the party who feels offended by the paragraph has himself produced it.

It would seem that a stranger who comes among us with the highest credentials as to character and posi-

I have ever considered a friend, I diamiss the whole subject, unless called upon to correct some statement of fact. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, No. 39 West Fourteenth street.

THE BARTLETT-OVIEDO NUPTIALS.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune;

Sin: Without intending either to confirm or deny your general statements concerning the Bartlett-Oriedo nuptials, there are two remarks made in your article

French languages fluently from childhood "ties that had been formed. In his illness, the young "lady visited and ministered unto him." If by this

musical party given in his parlors.
Very respectfully yours, W. R. BARTLETT.
No. 59 West Fourteenth street, Saturday.

more than a comfortable annuity, which died with her. Of her savings, however, there was enough to secure a small pension for the faithful Willis. All that I received—at any rate, all that I now possess—of my aunt's property is comprised in my chimney decorations: the French harlequin with the drum-clock, and the hideous green chima dogs.—Once-o-Work.

— A literary gentleman now on a visit to Orkney and Zetland—Mr. Dasent, of the London Times' editorial staff—has undertaken to publish the Orkneyings Sags.

He is at present collecting materials for illustrative notes. The work will be welcomed by Orcadians in all construction of the most of the mo

Special Motices.

KANE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION LECTURES

Will embra 6 a course of TEN LECTURES, comm ovember, and continue weekly until finished. The strices of the most eminent becurres in the consistence from procured, and will be amounted in a few days.

To kets for the Course, admitting a Laily and Gentheman,

somple ticket for the course, 33; single becture tickets,

JOHN W WHITE.

Chairman Lecture Committee.

Speaking of the present
"FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE." the New York Sun, of October 20th, says: "The Chromo Lathographic Photographs of HOLMES, Broadway, are de-serving of particular attention."

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CANVANNERS wanted in every town in the United States to canvass for THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS. A liberal commission allowed. For particulars, address HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Publisher,

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

A Word to Subscribers.

Our frands whose annual subscriptions to THE SATURDAY I'ness expered last week, will oblige us by renewing them as main as swamble.

CARD.

THE SATURDAY PRESS enters, this week, upon its second year; and whether it is worth while to be glad

or sad about it, we hardly know.

It was our intention to celebrate the occasion by short address to the public, setting forth, with such modesty as we could command the claims of the paper, and painting in as bright colors as our pallet might

ford, its in some respects remarkable success.

And, in fact, in one respect—to wit, so far as exter we might have made a somewhat brilliant statement and still kept within the bounds of truth.

But extensive appreciation, however enthu-not, in itself, enough.

What we need is an extensive subscription list. And this we, of course, cannot honestly pretend to at any rate, we are within the millions.

To carry on the paper as it has been carried on hitherto,—preserving its entire independence, adding new features almost every week, and constantly improving its typographical and general character,-we ought to rediate addition of several thousand subscri bers, and a corresponding increase of advertisements.

This would make us all right; without it, we are all

wrong; and hence it is that we take the liberty, without further prelude, of suggesting to all who feel an in-terest, friendly or other, in continuing THE SATURDAY PRESS, that they do all in their power,—and do it, if possible, this week,—towards inducing as many persons as they can, everywhere, to send in their subscriptions

N. B .- It has just occurred to us that, in order give the reader a more exact idea of the state of our mind at this crisis, we may as well print here a letter we have this morning written in confidence to a personal friend. It is verbatim; and the reader will pleas

NEW YORK, No. 9 Spruce street, October 22, 1869.

You ask kindly,-almost tenderly,-about THE SAT-TRDAY PRESS, expressing the fear that, as the Sunday remarkable longevity.

I do not even agree with you as to its "precocity." It strikes me, on the contrary, as having been up to this time, preternaturally backward: so much so that I have often wondered at the compliments bestowed upon it, not only by yourself but by hundreds of others. upon it, not only by yourself but by hundreds of others.

Alas, that a paper could not be supported by com-

body, but merely because it just occurs to me that if every one who had praised our little sheet had gone a king instead of losing money.
onths ago—in the height of the Spring busi-

ness—we had such a crowd of advertisements that, for the first time, the paper began paying its expenses. This fact so delighted me that I could not help throw-

I know it is imprudent to make this confession even to you. But why sail under false colors? Why not fraskly svow that in the absence of capital,—and a thousand or two dollars is all we need,—the paper stands in absolute need of immediate increase of its

I have half a mind to avow as much publicly, if only to ascertain whether This Sattanay Press has in truth as many ardent friends as it would appear to have. If I do this, I shall do it with all the more confidence from the fact that it has been my endeavor, from the

I have always been prompt and careful to redress them But I will not waste more of your time.

Do what you can for us, doing it promptly, and I

Do what you can for us, doing it promptly, and I will see to it that the paper improves every week. In fact I have already made arrangements for the ensuing year which, if carried out, will make Tuz Naturday Prios the most valuable as well as the most entertaining paper in the country. For that matter it ought to be making thousands a year, now, out of its Book List alone, the importance of which cannot well be overesti-

Begging you to give me any hints that occur to you Begging you to g... believe me to be, as ever, Your friend,

MODESTY MILITANT.

MR. WASHINGTON BARTLETT having sown the wine of notoriety in the matter of his daughter's marriage with Don Esteban Sancta Cruz de Oviedo, begin to reap the whirlwind; this, however, does not satisfy him. To him a whirlwind is the merest puff. He yearns for a tornado. He is resolved to secure it. The method he adopts has ingenuity, if not novelty, to recommend it. He institutes a series of " Corrections guage of injured dignity, sends them forth to the world through the columns of the public journals. But unfor tunately Mr. Bartlett's ambition vaults too high. It o'erleaps itself. The motive is too clearly apparent to be for an instant misapprehended. Even were it not too late at this day to assume the virtue of humility and moskesty, Mr. Bartlett's manner of doing it would at

The fact appears to be that this gentleman's appetite for fashionable fame is unappeasable. That his daughter should be glorified as she has been by the resonant rhetoric of a dozen reportorial pens, is not enough. He considers that his claim to the position of pire noble in the recent social comedy has not been recognized with sufficient distincteness. He purposes to correct this. He therefore fulminates defiant manifestoes, in which he imparts to the community the in-telligence that he has "been twenty-five years in the regulic service, and been associate proprietor and "editor of journals on both sides of our continent;" that "he himself wrote the first editorial ever printed in the now famous city of San Francisco, and with his own hands, when Chief Magistrate there, pulled the press for the first printed sheet ever printed in that city;" that "his daughter has spoken and written the Spanish and French languages fluently from childhood;" and other items of equal public importance, set forth with all the intensity of italics and small capitals. Now this is not the language of a man who shrinks from notoricty. It is evidently an ill-concealed attempt to fan into a lasting flame the already fading spark of public interest which his indelicated ventilated private eccentricities had awakened. It an effort to prolong the agony of excitement, which for a brief hour drouged bins and his a sun their domestic seclusion to stand in immodest exposure before the

We confess to no such Pharisaical faith as that avowed by some journals which, while reviling the alleged indecency of open comment upon an occurren like this, gloat with particular affection over its min stance, which republishes the entire report of one of the New York papers in one column, and devotes another t wreakages of typographical wrath upon the spirit of journalism which justifies such narrations, we have no sympathy. We feel that this Oviedo wedding from beginning to end, was a subject eminently suited to news-paper discussion. We believe that it was so intended by its projectors; that mines were carefully laid, to be sprung at the proper moment for the benefit of the general curiosity; that plans were deftly devised for New York was effervese at upon this matter. To deny it newspaper consideration would have disappointed verybody, and no persons more, we believe, than tho most immediately concerned. But with the culmination of the event, the public would naturally have pansed which Mr. Bartlett, it seems, will not permit them to repose. Our community is easy to forget, and Mr. Bartlett's wounds, if he had received any, would have irritation. A disturbed paternal sense of wrong doc not seek relief in newspaper proclamations as to a daughter's lingual capabilities, nor in the protrusion of can't answer for the brightness of the child, but I candidly confess that it has not yet given any signs of "claim to be a strictly private family." Why, then, these new revelations of his own antecedents, which no body ever heard of and nobody cares for? He say that on the first intimation of his daughter's engagement "people hurried to the shops for news, or waylaid his "servants with inquisitive questions." This is certainly an avowal calculated to inspire belief in the writer's piquant and odorous. He moreover asks with som show of feeling, "Is it a crime to have a large circl piquant and corous. In the moreover assess with some show of feeling, "Is it a crime to have a large circle "of acquaintances, and to write to them to witness a "marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou marriage ceremony? Is it any fault of ours that thou mined. There's never a "perhaps," or "maybe," in the case. I will do it! and moreover, it shall be dedicated to a triad of immortal celebrities—Greeley, Bonner, and Stephen H. Branch! It shall be the eulogistic epos of the Nineteenth Century, and rehearse to the course to be adopted by holders, and variously in thrilling strains the adventures of Haddock and to the course to be adopted by holders, and variously in the puglilistic careers of Price and Australian Kelly, the arrival of the Great Ensiews, and the recent religious movement towards the inauguration of the anomalous mixture. So, Able Editor, it will not be amounted to include them in so vain a pageant? Perhaps Mr. Bartlett will say, as he has said of the orders to view the bridal gifts while in course of preparation at all and it shall be readable too, of course. I could not possibly write otherwise, as this paragraph proves. (Don't you a hall be readable too, of course. I could not possibly write otherwise, as this paragraph proves. (Don't you a lattice of necessity, to continue his contributions to the current literature of the day. He will, perhaps, expent the mystery of those subtle allusions to reported.

"This we promise." I tell him. He smiles derivatively, and thinks he won't like my proposed epic. his fact so delighted me...

In fact, I shouted before I was out of the woods; for after the Spring came the long dead Summer, when everybody was out of town, and when business of all kinds was at a stand-still; and be assured, my good fellow, we had a hard time of it to get through.

We got through however,—thanks to two or three enthusiastic friends, Got bless them!—and now enter upon our second year, full of hope it is true, and never conce dreaming of failure, but still with anything but cane of necessity, to continue his contributions to the light heart and lightsome step of youth.

I feel, indeed, as if I had been at work on the paper twenty years, and had all the while been toiling uptice that the work of the mystery of those subtle allusions to reportor in the mystery of those subtle allusions to reportor in the light heart and lightsome step of youth.

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I feel indeed, it has been to the mystery of those subtle allusions to report or its ho

cence, O Editor, and cease to scatter broadcast the vulgar vanities which I would not for the world encour-age. Respect the sanctity of retiring privacy, and let oblivion's balm, for which I clamor day by day, fall soothingly upon me." But, Mr. Bartlett, we the public will not see it.

PRIVATE OPINIONS PUBLICLY EXPRESSED

DEAR PRESS.-The long Autus beginning, to establish personal rather than commercial relations between the paper and its readers.

Moreover, it has been my endeavor to print a paper which my friends could be proud of—a paper which no one need be otherwise than proud of.

I may not have succeeded in this; but such has been.

The Tong a dumnas evening are evening are the still longer on of Winter. Now's the time for the Opera, the Theater and "last, not least" (this quotation is not quite new the lecture, which has within a few years become evening are the still longer on of Winter. Now's the time for the Opera, the Theater and "last, not least" (this quotation is not quite new the lecture, which has within a few years become evening are the still longer on of Winter. Now's the time for the Opera, the Theater and "last, not least" (this quotation is not quite new the lecture, which has within a few years become evening are the long and the time for the Opera, the Theater and "last, not least" (this quotation is not quite new the lecture, which has within a few years become evening are the long and the long and the long are the long and the long are the long and the long are the long are

I may not have succeeded in this; but such has been my aim. Errors I have doubtless committed—in fact my aim. Errors I have doubtless committed—in fact my aim. Errors I have doubtless committed—in fact of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve me by persons like yourself—but as soon as found out. I have always been prompt and careful to redress them.

The Theatre and the Opera we leave to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the Lecture we reserve to the treatment of the benign Personne; but the lecture we reserve the personne; but the lecture we reserve the personne in the lecture we reserve the lecture wouldn't ask it) to divide our discourse into the grand parts, a trinity of divisions, somewhat thus:

1. The Lecture.

II. The Lecture.

III .The Lectured

To begin at the beginning, as the French say, the lecturer is of two kinds, namely, the illustrious brillant, and the illustrious obscure. We all know what the first is—usually some wide-awake, go-ahead, originally some wi the first is—usually some wide-awake, go-ahead, ori-inal man, who speaks from his inmost heart, and cos-sequently interests his audience. But the second i-generally the big man of a little town, aspiring enough but too weak-winged intellectually, to realise his spread-eagle aspirations; and being immoderately dis-sirous of extending his narrow fame, patches togethe a lecture, and sallies out before wondering provincia audiences, to talk, and if possible, to sutertain. Ben-nett (James Gordon) probably had this class of lecture in mind, when he told the Princetonians that lecturin was the huntered for one but literary leafers.

Such then are the two classes of lecturers wh about the country, as somebody has observed (possil Jacob), retailing their ideas at twenty-five cents a her

As for the lecture, that is also of two kinds,-brav and for the lecture-fee (which is, of course, considas merely incidental), while the other is given for th noney alone, leaving out all considerations of benefit

Thirdly, all come now to treat of the lectured, differ "very naturally, as they ought," with the locality, whether it be New York, Little Pedlington, ity, whether it be New York, Little Pedlington, a Barriboo Centre. Some audiences are good-nature intelligent, sympathetic; others are quite the reversand and many are of a mongrel order. This complete Admiring Auscultator (to speak after a Carlylean fast ion), the round of my sapient observations, and now

burra for the moral!

But Jacob interrupts me—with a question of cour Why don't I give a lecture!" I'm astounded! oh nterrogatory Man, why don't I join the Ravel troupe nd turn somersaults, and dance the polks on a tig rope? There! your question is answere Yankee style, by asking another in return.

Quite an array of names are paraded in the paper over proposals to lecture. To the persons they repri-sent, we say: "Go it, oh, ye speakers! Large and ences and plenty of dimes to you, but for ance from hearing you!"

arm-chair by the sunny South window, near a row of shelves laden with goodly volumes, and where from the opposite wall, beams the mild face of one of Raphael's Maionnas. There stands Schiller, the post of yearning, and the ideal; and here lies Goeths, the poet of nature and real life; while not afar off, is Uhland, the poet of sad, but sweet, content. Shall one of our own volumes, written by ourself, with "Jasper" imprinted on the titlepage, ever lie upon this table! Produce and within table! Produce and within table of writing a book full of noble, stirring thought, destined to warn, comfort, and elevate the world, bears for us a strange, undefinable fascination. A true author is the regenerator and saviour of his are.

regenerator and saviour of his age.

This recalls the announcement of a new work, a posthumous volume, of Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, who was one of the finest conversationists, in all likelihood, if her biographers are to be believed, that ever enchanted a listener. Good conversationists now-adays are "few and far between" (a new quotation). days are "few and far between" (a new quotation). There are plenty of passable writers; nearly every one can indite a not more than 'ordinarily stupid letter; but few can converse with ease and fluency, in a ready, forcible, and pointed mannner. People have a certain mode of drawing out their thoughts by jerks and starts, but of such a thing as conversation proper, they have not the faintest suspicion; and so we make no commonplace, susperfluous assertion when we remark, that the art of expression sadly needs a regeneration, or rather, as we're speaking religiously, a resurrection from the grave of insanity into which it has unwitting-ly fallen. No wonder the spiritualists rharmodism concerning the blessed time when words shall be disposited, and soul flow with soul in a heavenly community, and soul flow with soul in a heavenly community.

ling of thought and feeling.

Even Jacob does not converse well. He has a strang faculty for hesitating, and coming to a general stand-still. But this results from a good cause. So many visions, thoughts, and fancies, seem to gleam upon his mind as with the face of an angel, and instantly dismind as with the race of an anger, and instanty mappear, without remaining long enough to permit expression of their glorious beauty and significance, that words grow weak and useless; and this inability to render these visions permanent, and thus reveal them

written concerning nim, and turns slowly away with his strange peculiar smile, a twinge of the wyse rather than the lips. Sunlight seems to hover about the faces of certain people when they break into a smile— such a smile as can only be acquired through long trial and sorrow, reminding one of the rainbow, all the

more beautiful because of the gloom and tempest from which it springs!

But stop! An idea has just struck, but not serious-ly injured me. A few paragraphs back, I spoke of writing a book. But now I'm resolved, yea, deter-mined. There's never a "porhapa," or "maybe," in the case. I will do it! and moreover, it shall be ded-

sons every week, as it would otherwise have Goog. The course of the cour

Choughts and Chings.

BY ADA CLARE

By some extraordinary coincidence, nearly all the serial stories which recently animated the pages of magazine literature have suddenly come to a close. Perhaps it is that the mind bursts into immediate ma-turity under the ripening influences of the full Au-tumn, and feels that the time for bringing in the har-

Of the serials none can dispute the incalculable su

Of the serials none can dispute the incalculable su-periority of Mrs. Stowe's "MINISTER'S WOODSO." It is the most powerful work of fiction which has sprung from the American Press. It is a religious work, all about religious subjects, yet I pity the staunch old Presbyterian who reads its pages, unless he be proof and bulwark 'gainst all reasoning. What keen, reso-lute, disastrous onslaughts upon the Calvanistic beliefs. What ripping up of the body and soul of the old Puri-tanic faith! It would be improved the to converte of a more horrid and ghastly mental picture, than that she shows us induced in a whole community by the preva-lence of hideous dogmas which men have dared to call the religion of Christ. There are passages in this "Musurax's Woono," whose stately and superb com-mand of language, whose deep pathos, whose indee-cribable eloquence, I know not how to compare with aught in the prose literature of the English language. It is a book which will not be forgotten. The limpid blue eyes of Mary, full of infinite sorrowings, shine tender and sad, into the innermost recesses of the

has turned up again, before the eyes of the all-behold-ing critics. Perchance they say, a woman may have gathered the materials for this work, but ah! certainly a man has tinkered them together. This scene is too vigorous, too bold, too learned, it comes upon us with too much force, we feel that it is a man's fist, that is taking our minds under the ribs. Keep, keep your soft ingers, madame, for stitching together the minor, unessential parts of your story; your brother the preacher, who is never truly great except when he is writing urreptitiously under your name, shall work out for ou all the vital and essential details of the same.

you all the vital and essential details of the same.

Oh! that I were wise, like these critics, from whom
the hands of their brothers are never hidden. I too,
know occasionally the hands of my sisters, but it is
generally by the whiteness of their sweet little fingers,
and the exceeding softness of the skin. But when it is
dabbled in printer's ink, I have lost my wisdom, I care
out what are the same and the same and the same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same as the same are same are same are same are same as the same are same are same as the same are same are

not what sex it wears, I am only ambitious that it's force be not demonstrated about the region of my ears. But for these noble martyr men who make immortal reputations for women, and are themselves forever un-known and mute! Why is it that their works do not betray them for themselves, when the naked hand-print of their power is never to be mistaken on the Jothing but dark silence for these invisible Titans iterature, these dumb Atlases, who lift up immortal-ties on their shoulders, and are forever hidden and

ntly Trumps were not drawn in the beginning, and the interest hangs on the last suit. It is from the ost excellent hand of G. W. Curtis. At first I feared

English masters.

Charles Reade's Good Fight is written in his us: chating style, but he does not seem at home in the santique. He is a prophet of the modern. It was very cunning in him to place Margaret in a delicate situation near the end,—it was his only chance of warming our hearts towards her.

He cannot make George Washington an enteri He cannot make George Washington an entertaining character; that great man wants a pedestal to stand on, or a brasen horse upon which to sit. When stepping down from his greatness, he leaves his carpet-bag in a war hall, enters our back parlor, and announces his intention of joining us in a saintly horn of lager, we cannot help feeling our spirits dismally dashed, and almost dare to think he is a little, just a little of a lager for the saintly dashed. almost user to think to bore. Heaven forgive me for speaking thus of the Father of my country, but I should wish he had not distinguished me so highly; I should wish he had see

my children, what would you have? All the Fear Round needed a commencement from the hand of Dickens, and he had many and other important works

to do. If the simultaneous action of too many cooks will prove fatal to a single broth, so also will the sim-ultaneous manufacture of too many broths prove fatal to a single cook.

to a single cook.

I have just read Out of the Depths. It is very well written, in the main, but full of the most wearisome cant. The religious reflections of the work are introduced on St. Paul's ingenious suggestion, in season and out of season. I even went to see it dramatised at the Museum. There it reminded me of the famous silk stocking of metaphysical notoriety, which had been darned so often, that not an atom of the original texture of it remained. The great topics of dialectial been darned so often, that not an atom of the original tenture of it remained. The great topic of dialectial akirmishing, as to whether the same casence which collected around it form color, texture, etc., in the original silk, was still here, though expressed in cotation of a friend when the dessert was the dinner-table of a friend when the dessert was Sloan "superb," Mr. Lester "grand," Mr. Brougham ton thread, might easily be adapted to this play. The story of out of the Doptah has been accommodated with so many patches, of such miscellaneous cut and shape, and color, that it seems as it/all of the exploded stage effects, the renounced conventional characters, the departed dramatic conversations and costumes, had foisted themselves upon it, and swarmed in a horrist little nonnation, beneath its loss and making lossed seed.

Rested themselves upon it, and swarmed in a horris-little population benesth its loose and unclaimed roof Yet both book and play have elements of success in their intention, which is good. The rehabilitation on the unfortunate woman will ever be a subject of deep interest to all earnest and just minds, even as it eve

A HINT TO THE WISE, ETC.

Thackersy refuted." Mr. Meagher "trusted that it would be his proud achievement to restore the defaced likeness of the intrepid patriot," and in the course of his remarks gave to his unappreciative countrymen the following strong hint, which we hope as carnestly as Mr. Mengher can, that they will take. "At the age of 33, Swift possessed what every Irishman should measure the manus of an independent limiting on the possess, the means of an independent livelihood on the

A conflict having arisen between President Buchan and Governor Wise as to which shall have the hor of hanging poor Brown, it is respectfully suggest a high intervening party that he be hung between

Any Enfants Terribles A switch in time saves nine.

Hope never comes that comes to all

Downing's Description of Page's Venus

"A FEW TRIPLES, AND A TRUTH OR SO."

BY NOBODY IN PARTIC :

se people have nice ideas of honor. For i At an up-town whist party, last week, two of our money kings, Broadstreet and Wallstreet, were playing against each other. Broadstreet had just taken the ber of points for his side

"No; three," said Wallstre "Excuse me; it is four."

"Come! I'll bet you five dollars that it was

"Well," replied the cautious financier, "I don't

for this remarkable paragraph, appearing amor

for this remarkable paragraph, appearing among its city items:

"At an early hour yesterday morning, one of the River Policemen stationed at Pier No. 18, North River, found floating near the wharf the body of a young man apparently twenty years of age. The corpse was almost immediately recognised and handed over to his distressed family. No cause can be assigned for this rash act, but it is generally supposed that this unfortunate young man had been guilty of the suprudence of passing the night in the Hudson.

From a Boston paper which, from motives of charity,

From a Boston paper which, from motives or charry, we refrain from naming, we extract the following, smitting the names of the parties concerned:

"Bor Shor.—We learn that a little son of Mr.

near the "Chops," in Woodwich, while playing with another boy, was abot, on Fri-day afternoon last, with a gun loaded for greese, which had been careleasly left in a shed, where the boys got hold of it. The charge entered just above the ey-carrying away a portion of the skull, and exposing the brain, and leaving a frightful wound. The little infferer a year old—the other boy a year younger."

This is doing the infantile prodigy business up to

The woman whose love has passed becomes at once completely deaf to him who has been the object of it. He knocks at her door, and she does not answer; at her eart, and there is no longer any response.

The Meerschaum Coloring Mania

Being a Conversation overheard on the strya of the St. Nicholas.

1sr Swell (coming up hastily).—I say, Gus, have you heard the news? Phil Howard is dead, committed

you heard the news? Fall Howard is dead, commissions suicide in his room last night.

2D Lasoure Drive (smoking languidly).—How vewy alsawd! What should he-ah want to die foah, au should like to know? His meerschaum was getting

At a trial in a Vermont court, several years ago French lady had been subportance as a witness, and was called upon to give her testimony. She was a stranger in the place, and "the Court" felt itself bound to address her in her native tongue. But "the Court's" ducation in the parles-vous line had been sadly ne-glected, and how to administer the oath in an intelli-gible form to the silent lady before him was for some moments a puzzling question. What was to be done? The Judge called upon several of the lawyers near him, but they all avowed their ignorance of the language the defendant, a clever Yankee, feeling himself equal to the occasion, volunteered to extricate "the Court" from its embarrasment. He accordingly rose and addressed the lady witness in these terms; "Vous jures zat wat you here testify shall be ze truse, si whole truse, and nossing but se truse, so help you mon Dieu?"

The lady looked for a moment at the manufactur The lady looked for a moment at the manufacturer of this hybrid sentence in silent astonishment, then turning to "the court" mad in perfectly good English, though with a slightly foreign accent: "What does the gentleman say?" The effect was electrical. Such a laugh went up to the roof of that country court room that the counsel for defendant has not heard the last of it to this day.

An old lady, making great prete

day saw the minister coming and, as usual on such oc-casions, ran for her Biblé, sat down in her rocking-chair, and seemed to be reading very attentively when

"Ah Mrs. Jenkins," said he, "I'm glad to you always with the good Book in your handa." "Yes, I find the Scriptur' does me a powerful deal of

good," was the reply.
"But," said the Dominie, advancing a step to see what particular passage had proved so consoling in the case of his devout parishioner, "you are holding your

"Oh! that don't make any difference with me Mr—," replied the dame; "I'm left-handed."

to wear glasses though not yet of middle age, was re-cently asked whether a certain rival of his in literature

was not more near-sighted than he.
"I should say he was decidedly so," replied the witty man of letters. "Do you know that when I am a little way off he takes me for a writer of the cigh-

very fine fresh nuts. Our gentleman cracked one, picked out the meat, placed it in his mouth and

One of society's amiable sinners has just been con verted. She has not yet exactly taken refuge in a convent, but such an event may be looked for at any time. For the present she preaches the most moral of sermons to the devotees of fashion and folly—her former ons. A young distance recently heard one of ort's homilies, and laughed immoderately at his change brought about by age and a whole procession of wrinkles.

"Yes, yes, my dear madame, I understand you per-fectly well, she replied, with an ironical air; "but you cannot expect me to follow your advice until I have followed your example."

EXPLANATION.

EXPLANATION.

Something or other having gone wrong in the Fifth avenue,—somebody's pipe having got broken, or put out, or burst, or something,—the printer-man says that the accident will probably delay our paper, and every-thing else, for several hours, and that although uncounted thousands (at least, we never counted them) will in consequence be inconsolable, he can't help it, and that it's nobody's fault but the people who live in the said Fifth avenue, who it seems,—and we are amased to learn it—are in some mysterious hydraulic way connected with our steam-engine, and with everyway connected with our steam-engine, and with every-thing else, though the printer don't see it, and we don't see it, and the world don't see it, and none of us will have the Fifth avenue hereafter on any terms.

The All England Eleven are ready to bet that if you bring together all the Cricketers in the world, they will 'leven the whole lump.

Uneary lies the head without a crown

Bramatic Feuilleton.

Harlitt Radistrus

I have not performed the whole duty of a Dran

I have neglected, refused, and omitted to go to Laura Keene's Theatre, where A Midnummer Night's Dream has been revived in a way which has bewildered Dream has been revived in a way which has be wildered the savant who "does up" the Amusements for the Daily News. He calls the play, which I think I proved last season to be Shakespeare's, "Laura Keene's Mid-"summer Night's Dream." Immediately afterwards, however, I am startled by the announcement that "This beautiful creation of Shakespeare is certainly one "of the most fructuous for absorbing interest and for "bewideringly amazing an antilence which can be placed in any manager's hands, and in all candor we must "say that Miss Keene does wonders here." That's pretty good, but there is something much better a little further on, where our ungrammatical

Inat's pretty good, but there is something much better a little further on, where our ungrammatical cotemporary becomes exitatic over a young woman who plays Oberon. "Always" (the young woman) "devoting much attention to her tollet, she has "now by a thorough change of costume added "largely to her gorgeous beauty, while her acting of this part is rendered far superior by her to that which could be accomplished by any other actress we know."

That's delightfully muddy. Peoria or Biloxi couldn't

read and acted the part of Bottom entirely tochaste for Nick the Weaver—we have no doubt he will work easier in a few nights."

Perhaps it would better if he should play easier.

"Mr. Vincent (more New) " went through the part of Quine rough shod." [Goodness gracious! where's "out younce rough shot. I Goodhess gracious: where a Facalin' ! "He was entirely too boisterons and loud "mouthed. We would suggest that Quose was an "humble, quiet carpenter" (you'd better not say that over again in the Bowery or near the Tribus-office), "and was entirely ignorant of the low comedy

"gag." And how do you know? What's "gag."? And how do you know? I don't know whether the News, or Laura Keene, or Genio C. Scott, or Mark Smith, or Richard Grant White, or Shakespeare, or the "gorgeous" beauty of Oberon, has "injured" A Midnumer Night's Dream, but the public don't seem to see it, and we'are to have in its place a capital play, The Wife's Secret, first produced here by the Charles Koans, and never acted by any one

I am told also that Mrs. John Wood has been en gaged by Miss Keene, and I am sure I am very glad of t. Mrs. Wood makes everybody laugh; and is a good ort of an actress to have about here, where everybody so infernally respectable and awfully dull.

That's pretty strong, but you can skip it a. e. p.

Theatro Francais

My finer feelings were so much cut up last week by the great wedding, that I forgot all about our French riends, whom Mr. Sage has imported for the absumes. The abounes, I believe, don't see it. The say they did better last season, without half so

much fuss. The prime young man, Mannstein, is pretty good, and the soubrette M'lle Darcy, is good and not pretty. The only piece worth seeing has been a charm If they do it again I advise you to go.

Lester Rochester Wilmot, Earl of Wallack A play intended to illustrate the adventures of this amous nobleman was produced at Wallack's Theatre, on Tuesday.

It is a remarkable thing, this play, because the here has some reputation for wit (vide, Pepys' Diary, State Poems, the Grammont Memoirs, Two to One, St. Evre-mond's Letters, and The Voteron), but, nevertheless, he does not say one good thing from the beginning to

the end of the piece.

I don't believe in Pepys, nor in Anna Maria, who was in bove wints the Process, Eny mark.

He is a "fast man," too. A fast man who is continually going to do something awful, and never doing it. A fast man who is making love to a rustic beauty. who certainly does not give one the idea of rigid vir tue, yet he never advances one step with her from the beginning to the end of the play,—" fast man," two, who never takes a sign! Bah!

The only fast thing I could see about the affair was the changes of dress, which were not disguises by any

the changes or dress, which were not magnises by any means, though probably so intended.

Given a heavy black moustache, light dragosol-whiskers, with other capillary attractions and dis-guise, is, to say the least, a joke of colessal proportions. No, Mr. Rochester looked exactly like Mr. Lester at

No, Mr. Rochester looked exactly like Mr. Lester at a fancy ball. Not a bit like an actor.

Still the thing is amusing. Positively funny at times. The songs in the ancient copy have been cut out, but Mr. Rochester sings "Simon the Cellarer" in such a superb way, that I advise Brignoli to look to

The only difficulty in Mr. Lester's way arises from the fact that I saw two or three professi

The other characters are things for Mr. Rochester to

ing to the audience they become.

That is unpleasant for the actors, but their troubles are of no consequence to you or I.

Art demands personal accrifices; butchers have no

There, isn't that a nice puff? Who says I never say anything good about any one?

The sheperdesses and things in the last art—which
they finish, as usual, when in a scrape, by a dance
look as if they had been cut out of a picture by

tumes, très bon goût.

John Brougham, as a gentle shepherd, is nice like-wise. Why can't we have Blake in a chip hat, brief tunic and silk tights?

Some how or other, Gardens can't get on without

rows.

I don't know what there is in horticultural pursuits which should stir up people's biliary secretions and make them do and say wicked, uncharitable, and awful things. But it always happens so.

Look at the Garden of Eden for example nterprise ever pros that according to all accounts, but in a short time the

whole affair was broken up, and very respectable pro-ple, descendants of the original proprietors, have been ple, descendants of the original proprietors, have been obliged to write Feuilletons and resort to other extra I am aware that the classic poets, Virgil especially. were very fond of singing the praises of people who were engaged in horticulture, and that the late Mr. Webster used to write pretty letters about it to his far-

mer at Franklin.

But Virgil never had a waterm

Mr. Webster's favorite estate at Marshfield was only So we can't depend on the poets, nor the orators. We must come to facts; and the fact is that there has been a row in the Winter Garden, whereby Mrs. Wood has

seceded from those bowers.

Then I am informed that a German gentleman, who plays on the kettle-drum, has received his congé. Like-wise three other sons of harmony—likewise from fair

What is a Winter Garden without Wood? What is an orchestra without kettle-drums One can't realize it.

iliaers with such success as to have raised a novelty Not a pure novelty, but a reproduction of a French

The Pacha and his Bears is the French piece. So the Jardin d'Hiver is changed to the Jardin de

Not that Mr. Bourcicault's Chassass 211.

On the contrary, it has the narrowest escape in the world from actual stupidity.

There is a Pasha with a red nose, who tries to sing, and fails; first, because he don't know the air, and second, because he has no voice worth mentioning. Then there are two American travellers, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Johnston,—who are evidently intended as funny people, but who are not at all amusing,—and Mr. Holland, a Mandarin, who is not so bad.

The feminine department comes out strong. Such

my or Sciences of Munich.

— Karl Simrock, the poet and archaeologist, who has been for some time in an insane asylum in Bonn, is much better, and will soon be able to resume his labeler who managed to mix up things in such a horribleness as M.

— A letter from Factor of Munich.

— Karl Simrock, the poet and archaeologist, who has been for some time in an insane asylum in Bonn, is much better, and will soon be able to resume his labeler who managed to mix up things in such a horribleness as M.

That was the case at the Academy last Monday. Speransa, the new prima donna, was the crank-pin. She gave way. Then Amodio had too much of our gallant Firemen, and lost his voice cheering "forty's fellers." Then Crescimano, the new prima donna, was as rough as one of those gentleman of meteorological pursuits who come all the way from Grass Valley to be plucked by hotel-touters, owl-line hackmen, and alopshop drummers. Crescimano is hardly good enough for Chicago, and that is saying a great deal.

Brignoli had a chance and improved it. The rol (Monrice in the Treesters) is one of his best; but he surreassed himself in it on Monday.

Mr. John Bardoe Elliott, a gentleman formerly in Mr. John Bardoe Elliott, a gentleman formerly in

Warness in the Processory in one of an array of the array trong in more ways than one.

The Opera was Ernani, with new tenor (Stigelli),

new bartione (Ferri), and Crescimano. The prima lonna was rougher than ever. The tenor is a good drist. His voice is nothing to brag of. The upper notes in it are excellent, but the lower and middle ones artist. His voice is nothing to brag of. The upper notes in it are excellent, but the lower and middle ones come from the throat, and therefore lack volume. He looks like a candidate for the Assembly in the Fourth Ward.

Ward.

not so strong as Badiali's, nor so sweet as Amodio's, but his method is better than either of them, and he is an admirable actor." His cast of countenance is Ori-ental, and the Hebrew claque came near spelling his début through over enthusiasm.

So far good. But where is the prima donna?

No har good. He were a suprema country of the Rossnerants and Cullidenstern are splendid, but been, if you please, one we to had, for Hamles? The Barney Williamsee are commenced at Miblo's Garden in grand style. I have not yet seen them, but hear all good things

Nous verrons, next week.

Out of the Depths. The human heart is like a river; you never know what is at the bottom of it until you "rile it up."

White Blackbirds Fifth Avenue Democrats.

Gold-Diggers Epitaph.

Picture-Hangers' Art. Young New York.

The favorite salutation, just now, of our young men is: "How's your meerschaum coloring?" while that of our young ladies is: "Have you smoked your

The State of the Southern Market. [From our Reporter at Harper's Ferry.]

How to Relieve Broadway

The Irrepressible Conflict the "Powers that want to Be."

Minority Rule.

No number of fools combined can equal Motto for the "Softs."

The way of the transgressor is Hard. A FIRESIDE PANCY.

Black glooms the Night, but the fire glooms bright.
What shall I sing of F Wrong? or Eight?
In the gloom without, smile Wrong, no doubt;
Yet the reddy finns puts Wrong to Same,
And my freeds half an boson finns
That I do not like to feet.

This world in fair, there is light to space; Then why are such Mastern limit overywhere? Shadows of hist and of passion, threat in each brightest place of the World's wide space. By man, with the Unin-brand on his face, And his feet on his Futhers' due!

These knolumpes dark, with flabutar's mark— Carrian block as a Manuary's mark With many's of the control of the forest and sterals of the many's of the control of the forest and the control of the control of the control by the Armet's bank? I would give them all pire on malit Canada Lorrains?

The other morn, in the virgin down, On the quat where innecess formen were born, Two bratten—may, men!—brates were sobier, the With homess have to the stainless at: possible, the—who knows what like they were? . There's no such didny in my ben?

Pought? for what? For a response but?
For a composition, wine logo?
For a composition, wine logo?
For a form to right? For a words daught:
No! they fought for said (Tany were longist
They fought for said (Tany were longist
They fought for was blank and and of model (—

The World is the: There is light to open: Yet Shadown like this is everywhere! On river and plain is more bloody state! Are one couls disheadly the like interest use? Or God! that them there with the others By some non-born Chesle Larmine! Palladelphia, October 10, 1869.—Philadelphia Evening

Literary Notes.

— The November number of Busin's Missilany contain the opening chapters of Ovingdoon Gran tale of the South Downs, by W. Harrison Alnew

g. Soch his good his good with the Cerman traveller in the East, Prof. De Roth, who undertook his last journey to Palestine in 1886, at the expense of the really not King of Bavaria, and who died at Hasbeia, in the Anti-Libanus range of mountains, June 26, 1888, are in course of publication under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences of Munich.

much better, and will soon be able to resume his labors.

— A letter from England says: "Some two months in the property of the George of the through the property of the George of State of the through the property of the George of the through the property of the George of the through the property of the through the property of the George of the through the property of the throu

wife.

Leopold Ranke, the historian of the Popes, has been invited by the King of Bavaria to fill the chair of History at Munich.

Finley Johnson, of Baltimore, the author of several poems published in the Home Journal, is, we understand, about to locate in this city.

Mozart, will be ready at the end of this year.

— Mr. John Bardoe Elliott, a gentleman formerly in the service of the East India Company, has given to the Bodleian Library upward of a thousand valuable Oriental manuscripts.

— Mr. Sala, author of "A Journey due North," is about to publish his series of papers—"Twice Round the Clock"—in a complete form.

— It is mentioned as a discovery, that the secretary of Mary Queen of Scota, Sir Charles Balley, is buried in a small cemetery at La Hulpe, near Brussels. He was born in the same year as the Queen, whose execution he witnessed, and had reached the advanced age of eighty-four when he died.

-- The Sources Charier hears that a new version of the poems of Casian has been completed by the Rev. John Forbes, minister of Siest, in Skys.

HEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the sent smaling Cauber 22, 1860.

The Anatomy of Melamohody, what it is, with all the Kinda, Caussa, Symptoms, Prognostics, and several Cures of it. In three Fartitions, with their several Sections, Members, and Subsections, Philosophically, Medically, Historically opened and cut up. By Democritan, Jr. With a satiroal Presson, conducing to the following Discourse. A new Edition, corrected and enriched by Translations of the numerous classical Extracts. By Democritus Minor. In S vols., 12mo, pp. 600-467-514. Boston: William Kando. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1850.

Highways of Travel; or, A Summer in Europe By Margaret J. M. Swest, author of "Ethel's Love-Life." 12mo, pp. 204. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

thers. 1809.

Henry St. John, Gentleman, of "Flower of Hundreds," in the County of St. George, Virginia. A Tale of 1774-75. By John Esten Cooks, author of the "Virginia Consedians," "Leather Stocking and Ellk, "The Last of the Foresters," etc., etc. Ikmo, pp. 608. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.

Brothers. 1809.

Froma. By James Claiwnos Mangan, with Biographical Introduction by John Mitchell. 12mo, pp. 460.

New York: P. M. Haverty. 1850.

Sermons, Preached and Revised. By the Rev. H. Spurgeon. Sixth secies, 12mo, pp. 450. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Shotdon & Co. 1890. he Corner Cupboard; or, Facts for Everybody; em-bracing facts about—1. Things not Generally Known; 2. Things that Orght to be Known; S. Things 2. Things that Orght to be Known; 3. Things Worth Knowing; the Floors we Consume, the Clothes we Wear, the House we Live in, and facts from the Aris and Reismon, as well as from Literature, Manufacture, Commerce, Anatomy, Physiology, the Garden and Field. Illustrated with over 1,000 Engravings. The whole forming a complete Encyclopadia of useful knowledge. By the author of "Inquire Within," "The Reseaso Way," etc. 12mo, pp. 388. New York: Dick & Fitsgerald. 1859.

The Right Word in the Right Pince: A new Pocket Dictionary and Refueence Rock; sunbracing extensive Corrections of Sysseyman, technical Terms, Abservations, and Twedge Phrams; Chapters on Writing for the Fress, Punchastion, and Proof-Reading, and other interesting and valuable information. By the Author of "How to Weife," "How to Talk," etc. 12mio, pp. 214. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1890.

Posma. By Rev. F. Hampsteed. "12mo, pp. 340, New York: E. W. Dodd. 1890.

Life of Vittoria Ouleman. By F. Adolphus Trollope.

Life of Vittoria Colomas. By F. Adolphus Trollope.
18mo, pp. 247. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1869.
Life of Julius Cause. By Hanry G. Liddell, D.D.,
Dans of Christ Church, Oxford. 18mo, pp. 247.
New York: Sheldon & Co. 1869.

PAGE'S "VENUS."

New York: Sheldon & Co. 1869.

Priorace's Complete and Cheep Million for the Million of the entire Writings of Charles Dicksons ("Bas"), to be completed in twenty-eight weekly volumes. Yol. 8, containing the continuation of David Copperfield and commencement of Shelches by Box. 8vo, pager, pp. 827. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Sto, pages, pp. 43.

& Brothers.

Camp's Philanthropical Leiters to the Million. Dedicated to Philar Dayman. No. 4. Third Independence: On the Eights construed on me by my Meighbor's Premised Word. By F. F. F. Camp. New York; F. A. Smily. 1888.

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Haterial Vindications A Discouns on the Province and Uses of Saytist Hotory, distressed believe the Backins Historian Seriest, at Herston, Mann., June 18, 1807. Repeated believe the American Republic Ele-torical Stately, of New York, May 14, 1869, with Appendican, containing Historical Hotor and Clarke

Art Items.

The ruins of the old Palais de Thermes, in Paris, built by Angrustus Count, and which by the recent alterations face the new Roulevard de Rehastopol, have been testefully arranged, a formal gurden has been planted around them, and some pieces of ancient eculpture and fragments of architecture decorate and give a character to the spot.

— There is new in this city, fresh from the chiesl of Hram Powers of Florence, a beautifully executed full-length states of the Pather of his Country, clothed in Massade regulis. It was executed for Frederichstory Ledge, Virginia, in which Washi nton was initiated, passed and rained, at an expense of \$6,000. It will probably be piaced on exhibition belove being sent to Virginia.

— William Ver Bryck, a young artist of rising requisition, brother to the late condemicion, in about heading up his studio for a Southern teer, and his pictures, studies, copies, caste, engravings, etc., are \$6\$ he sold on Monday morning, at \$25\$ Broadway.

— A fine colonnal hust of Souster Sourard, by Ivan, for the

commensurate with Cook's fame.

— A statue of Notre Dame de Prance, of extraordinary dimensions, is in course of eraction on the Bocher de Conneille, near Le Puy (department of Haute-Loire). The statue stand will be showt firty-three feet high, and a staircase in the inside will give access to the head, whence there will be an extensive panoramic view. The statue is of iron, cast in pieces from guns taken at Behastopol.

— Baron Marcolasti the annual statue is of iron, cast in pieces from guns taken at Behastopol.

— Samuel L. Gerry, the Boston artist, has returned his European trip, bringing with him a well-filled ports sketches. He has spent much of his time in Switzerlas

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CHAMOONI III.,
representing the adventores of three unfortunate American
cast away upon an unknown abore.
TIME, THIS EVENING—SCENE ON THE STAGE.

emooni the Third, Autocrat of all the Mozambio

Harico, his Mandarin, Mr. George Landschaff, Mr. Mr. George Landschaff, Mr. George tor on the sewing-machine, a young person of great subserptions. Younger, a herbidous operator, lake of William A. Roi street, New York, but now on a speculative try to Shanghas.

Onne-wook
Toote-mae
Rosse... "The Celestial Gardens," from a sketch
on the spot,
Chorna... "Youder, in extremis lying," Jamsica accepts,
with philosophy her bloomers and cap but objects to lose behead... The deals of the Premier of the Mosambiques... "Forrow of the Minister, Harico... Who shall inform the Shah?...
The Opinion of the Ladies of Mosambique you the tiergraphcal Position of America... They settle the Question... "The
Procession of the Corpus.

The American Embassy in the Celestial Gardens... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exidens... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exidens.... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exidens... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exidens... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exidens... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exidens... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exidens... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exidens... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exitions... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exitions... Utter Ignorance of the People of all Diplomatic Exitension of the Taraviers... They prepare to Die like
troe Americans... They postpone the Inconvenience... Youhers
resolves to Meet and Delsas the College of Mandarius.

Song... Medig... Youkers...
Vetamore of the Shan... His Bacception of the Ministor... The

reactives to more time. Some Many and the Minison—The Song—Maclety—Tenkers.

Entrance of the Shah—His Reception of the Minison—The Arkansas Travelise—A "Har ".—The Magnificent Performance of Cattarangus.—His first Appearance in the Part, but not his first in the Characters—Trivmph of the Mirangers.

FOLKA BOWDYOVA.

Solo on the Accordion—"Jordan."

Solo on the Accordance—Jordan.

Mashallah! The Shah is an Idea, in which Cattarague does not Coincide—Vancou—The Fets.

Song—"I'm Monarch Hers,"—By the Shah.

The Inearceastion of Cattarague—Doub between two cages.

"Oh don't Despair"—Don Panquals.

The terrible Appearance of the Rival Minister—Two heads better than one—The compiracy to take the Shah's head—Arrival of his twosterey—Pearful condition of the Ministry—Yonkers is put to it—He accounts philosophically for the condition of his party—It won't do—Despair of Jamaica—The heads of the offenders are laid at the Shah's feet—Superio conclusion.

THE PETE IN THE CRIESTIAL GARDENS
NAUTCH DANSE.
THE ALMER.
By Mahame DEULIN.

By Madame DEUL

THE ARKANSAS BERAIKA-DOUNA,

THE ARKANSAS BERAIKA-DOUNA,

By Miss A Robertson, Mr. Jeditroo, and Mr. Johnson

Triumph of Assertions repaishedury

AND GENERAL ILLIMINATION.

IMMENSE EMTHUSIASM OF THE SPECTATORS

Previous to which will be played the protean farce, in t. entitled these.

Trevious to whene will be payed the protean farce, in one act, estitled the YOUNG ACTRESS.

Maria YOUNG ACTRESS.

Miss Agnes Robertson.

Sally Bacon, with "All around my true beart."

Hans, "Mein bers ist am Rheim" Miss Agnes Robertson.

Effe, with a Highland rec! Miss Agnes Robertson.

Corney with "Widow Machree" and an Irish Jig.

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The entertainment will commence with the celebrated comic picture caled the CONJUGAL LESSON,

In which Mr. Jefferson will appear in his celebrated impersonation. sonation.
Mrs. Lallaby
The doors will opon at 7; the entertainment commence
at 7 3-4 precisely.

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For the benefit of
MR. DION BOURCICAULT,
USED UP

OTHER OF SEASON OF THE THIRD.

Box office open from 8 to 6 1-1 daily. Bests may be secure day in advance. A CADEMY OF MUSIC-MATINEE. ON AN EXTRADAY) AT OME, BOOMS OPEN AT TWELVE M.
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ON AN EXTRAORDINARY SCALE OF SPLENDOR.
On which soccasion the new artists who have made their
debuts during the week will make their first appearance at

matines.

MME. COLSON,

MME. STRAKOSCH,

PRINOLI,

MODIO

MODIO

MILE. CRESCIMANO,

BTIGELLI, BTIGELLI, FRINGLI, BTIGE
PERRI, AMODIO,
The matinee will consist of the entire opera of
MARTHA: MME. STRAKOSCH, BRIGNOLI,
And the third act of

peloding the magnificent finale MLLE. CRESCIMANO, PERI, Incidence ALLE Characteristics and Conclude with the colebrated finals of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, By Sig. STROGELLI, in which he created so great esthusiasm in Roston. JUNCA. THIS GALA MATINEE

THIS GALA MATINEE

one of extraordinary brilliancy, it can be reasonably supposed that from the great numbers of strangers, in addition to
the usual patrons from the city and neighborhood, an imnums crowd will situad. With a view, therefore, to facilitate the sale of tichets,

TWENTY TICKET OFFICES

have been established at the following places, where tickets
may be procured in advance, and thus a rush at the opening
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Rose's, 147 Atlantic street; Proy's, 213 Pulton street. Telesta will likewise be for sale at the ENTRANCE DOOR OF THE ACADEMY, for which smearin purpose. POUR ADDITIONAL TICKET OPPICES will be opened.

The door will be opened at 12. The Matinee will commence at 1 electr, presimity. The Entre Acts will be of short duration, so that visitors from the country may be in time for the railreads and steamboats.

"AB MIGHT BE EXPECTED PROM A PENALE the domestic habits and herdons, the inner life, as it were, of the Tenena people, are more minutely attended to than would be given by the most practical histories, but the very minutia of this afferds a pleasing contrast to dry knowledge of a sterner sort. The hock reads well."

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The Diamond-Wedding.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN

O. Love! Love! Love! what times were those, Long or the age of belles and beaux. As Brussels lare and siken hose, Moreon, in the green Aradian class. With, offly the grass for bedding! Heart to heart, and hand in hand, You followed Nature's sweet command-Roaming lovingly through the land.

Nor sighed for a Diamond-Wedding.

Not signed for a Managar vesseling.

So have we read, in classic Ovid,
How Hero watched for her beloved,
Impassioned youth, Leander,
She was the faired of the fair,
And wrapt him round with her golden hair,
With nothing to eat, and nothing to wear,
And wetter than any gander;
For Love was I ove, and better than money
And kissing was clover, all the world over,
Wherever Cupid might wander.

We however dear of wear, have come and gone.

So thousands of years have come and gone.
And still the moon is shining on.
Still Hymen's torch is lighted:
And hitherto, in this land of the West.
Most couples in love have thought it best.
To follow the snelent way of the rest.

And quietly get united.

And quietly get united.
But now, True Love, you're growing old
Bought and sold, with silver and gold.
Like a house, or a horse and carriage!
Midnight taiks.
The glance of the eye and sweetheart sigh.
The shadowy haunts with no one by.
I do not wish to disparage;
But every kiss
Has a price for its bliss,
In the modern code of marriage.
And the compact sweet
Is not complete,
Till the high contracting parties nacet
Before the altar of Mammon;
And the bride must be led to a silver hower,
Where pearls and robies fall in a shower
That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!
I need not tell

That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!

I need not tell

(Show it befell,
(Show it show it

And flourish the wondrous baton.

He wasn't one of your Polish, nobles,
Whose presence their country somehow troubles,
And so our cities receive them;
Nor one of your make-believe Spanish grandees,
Who ply our daughters with lies and candies,
Until the your girls believe them.
No, he was no such charlatam—
Full of gasconade and bravado,
Count de Hoboken Plash-in-the-pan—
But a regular rich Dun Estalam
Santa Cruz de la Musecovado
Setor Grandissimo Oviedo!
He owned the rental of half Havana
And all Matanna; and Santa Anne,
Ideh as he was, could hardly hold
A candir to light the mines or gold
Our Cuban possessed, chole full diggers;
And broad plantations, that in round figures,
Were stocked with at least free thoosand niggers
Gather ye crospoled while ye may?"
Gather ye crospoled while ye may?"

Were stocked with a treat we thousand

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may!"
The Besor swore to carry the day—
To capture the beautiful Princess May,
With his battery of treasure;
Velvet and lace she should not lack:
Tiffany, Haughwout, Ball & Black,
Genin and Stewart, his suit should back,
And come and go at her pleasure;
Jet and lavs—silver and gold—
Garnets—emeralds rare to behold—
Diamonds—sapphires—wealth untold—
All were hers, to have and to hold;
Enough to fill a peck-measure!

He didn't bring all his forces on
At once, but like a crafty old Don,
Who many a hear't had frought and won,
Kept bidding a little higher:
And every time he made his bid—
And what she said, and all they did—
Twas written down
For the good of the town,
By Jeems, of The Dusly Flyer.

By Jeens, of The Dasity Phyer.

A coach and horses, you'd think, would buy Por the Don an easy victory;

But alowly our Princess yielded;

A diamond necklace cangh her eye,
But a wreath of pearls first made her sigh. She has with swinth of seath maiden glance,
And like young coils, that curret and prance She led the Don a dence of a dance,
In spite of the wealth he wielded.

She stood much a fire of sill like and laces,
Jewels, and golden dressing-cases,
And ruly brooches, and jets and pearls,
That every one of her dainty curis
Frought the prices of a hundred common girle Folks thought the lass demented!

But at last a wonderful diamond ring,
A regular Koh-noor, did the thing,
Apd, sight with love, or something the sa

(What's in a name?)

The Princess May consented.

Bing! ring the bells, and bring.

Ring! ring the bells, and bring
All the people to see the thing!
Let the grant and hungry and ragged poor
Throng round the great Cathedral door,
To wonder what all the hubbul's for,
And sometimes stupidly wonder
At so much susahine and brightness which
Fall from the church upon the rich,
While the poor get all the thunder.

White the poor get all the thunder.

Ring! ring, merry bella, ring!
Ofortunate few,
With letters blue—
Good for a seat and a nearer view!
Fortunate few, whom I dare not name;
Distinate! Crissus de la crisse!
We commoners stood by the street facade
and caught a glimpse of the cavalcade;
We saw this a glimpse of the cavalcade;
With six jeweilled maidens to guard her aide—
Nix Instrons maidens in tarietan;
She led the van of the caravan :
Close behind her, her mother
(Drest in gorgeons mosire satispa;
That told, as plainly as words could spe ak.
She was more antique than the other),
Leaned on the arm of Don Estaban
Santa Cruz de la Muscurade
Senor Grandissimo Uviedo;
Happy mortal! fortunate man! Santa Cruz de la Muscovado Sesor Grandimimo Oviedo; Happy mortal! fortunate man! And Marquis of El Dorado!

And Marquis of El Dorado!

In they swept, all riches and grace,
Silks and suits and Honion lace;
In they swept from the datasied aus,
And soon in the church the deed was done.
Three prelates stood on the chancel high—
A knot, that gold and silver can buy,
Gold and silver may yet untie.
Uniese it is tightly fastened;
What's worth doing at all's worth doing well,
And the sale of a young Manhattan belle
Is not to be penhed or hastened;
So two Very-Revrends graced the scene,
And the tall Archbishop stood between,
By prayer and fasting chastened;
The Pope himself would have come from Roine,
But urgent matters kept him at bome.
Haply these robed prelates thought
Their words were the power that tied the knot;
But another power that love-knot tied,
And I saw the chair round the neck of the bride—
A gitstening, priceless, marvellous chain,
Colded with diamonds again and again,
As bedits a diamond wedding;
Yet still 'gives a chain—I thought she knew it,
And hal'way longed for the will to undo it—
By the secret lears she was shedding.
But isn't it odd, to think, whenever

By the secret tears she was shedding.

But isn't it odd, to think, whenever
We all go through that terrible River,
Whose aligns the sloon can sever
(The Archbishop says) the Church decree.
By floating one into Enternity
And iseving the other alive as ever—
As each wade through that ghastly stream,
The natins that rustle and genes that glean
Will grow pale and beavy and sink away
To the noisome River's bottom clay;
Then the coutly bride, and her maldens six,
Will shiver apon the banks of the SRYX.
Ceits as belipless as they were born—
Naked souls, and very forfors;
And the beautiful Empresa over yonder,
Whose crinoline made the wide world wonde
And eves ourselves and our dear little wives.
Who callow wars each morn of their lives—
As all the sewing girk—and is a chigamer's
In rugs is all hanger the livelong day—
And all the grooms of the carryan—
Aye, even the gry men and the control
Sador Granden and the control
That pole-mornsted, fortunate man i—
The I rivel of a ribbensed principality
Will mourn the loss of his contents. the lord of a ribband principality

Will mount be lose of his corden;

The Princens, too, meat shift for bersels and lay her royalty on the shell;

rothing to eat, and nothing to wear,

Will cartainly be the flashing the rear,

Will cartainly be the flashing the rear.

Those most used to a rag and hone—

Though here on earth they labor and ground the flashing the rear was the rear.

On the other side of Jordan.

The Saturday Bress Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 22, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

The Pocket Critical Greek and English Testament, in Parallel Columns; consisting of the Greek Text of Scholz, with the Readings, both Textual and Marginal, of Grieslach, and the variations of the editions of Stephens, 1500; Bezz, 1506; and Elsevin, 1633; with the English Authorized Version and its marginal renderings. 1 vol. 18mo, cloth, 31 75. New York; John Wiley.

Explanatory Thoughts on the Gospels. By Rev. J. C. Ryle. Luke 2 vols. Vol. 1, \$1. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. An Exposition of the Second Epistle to the Corinth ians. By Charles Hodge, D.D. Royal-12mo, I New York: R. Carter & Brothers.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Harry Lee; or, Hope for the Poor. With illustrations 12mo, muslin, 75 cents.

Lizzy Glenn; or, Trials of a Seamstress. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Love in a Cottage," "Love in High Life," "Mary Moreton, or the Broken From ise," "The Two Brides," "The Divorced Wife," etc. 2 yots, \$125. Philadelphia: T. B., Peterson & Brothers.

. EDUCATIONAL. The Elements of Moral Science. By J. L. Dagg, D.D., late President of Mercer University, Georgia, author of "Manual Theology," "Church Order," etc., etc. l vol., 12mo, \$1. New York: Sheldon & Co. Science of Education, and Art of Teaching. By John Ogden, M.A. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.

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The Normal; or, Methods of Teaching the Common Branches, Orthogry, Orthography, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, and Elocution; Including the Outlines, Technicalities, Explanations, Demonstrations, Definitions, and Methods, Introductory and Peculiar to each Branch. By Alfred Holbrook, Principal of Normal School, Lebanon, Ohio. 12mo, pp. 456, \$1. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

History of the South Carolina College, from its Incorporation, December 19, 1801, to November 25, 1857, including Sketches of its Presidents and Professors; with an Appendix. By M. La Borde, M.D., Professor of Metaphysics, Logic, and Rhetoric, South Carolina College, 8vo, pp. 463. Charleston: McCarter & Dawson.

Dawson.
The National Orator: a Selection of Pieces for the Use
of Young Students in Schools and Academies. By
Charles Northend, A.M., author of "Teacher and
Parent." "Teacher's Assistant," etc. 12mo, pp.
312, 75 cents. New York; A. S. Barnes & Burr.

312, 75 cents. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

MEDICAL.

A Practical Treatise on the Disgnosis, Pathology, and Treatment of the Diseases of the Heart. By Austin Plint, M.D., Professor of Clinical Medicine in the New Orlean School of Medicine, etc. 8vo, pp. 465, \$2 75. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

Pathological and Practical Observations and Diseases of the Alimentary Canal, Øsophagus, Stomach, Cacum, and Intestines. By S. O. Habershon, M.D., London, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Assistant Physician to and Lecturer on Therapeutics, etc., at Guy's Houpital. 8vo, pp. 312. 31 75. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

HISTORICAL. HISTORICAL.

Historical Vindications . A Discourse on the Province and Uses of Baptist History, delivered before the Backus Historical Society at Newton, Mass., June 23, 1857; repeated before the American Baptist Historical Society at New York, May 14, 1859, with Appendixes, containing Historical Notes and Confessions of Faith. By Sewall 8. Cutting, Professor of Rhetoric and History in the University of Rochester. 12mo, pp. 224. Boaton: Gould & Lincoln; New York: Sheldon & Co.

York: Sheldon & Co.

A History of the Town of Norton, Bristol county, Massachusetts, from 1669 to 1809. By George Faber Clark. 569 pp. Boston: Crosby, Nicols & Co.
Universal History. Arranged to illustrate Bem's Chart of Chronology. By Elizabeth P. Pesbody. Complete in one oblong quarto volume, with blanks for reproduction. \$1 25. New York: Sheldon & Co.

LEGAL.

The Law of Torts and Private Wrongs. By Francis Hilliard, Eq., author of the "Law of Mortgages," etc. 2 volumes, 8vo, \$10. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

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The Romance of History, as exhibited in the Lives of Celebrated Women of all ages and countries; comprising remarkable examples of female courage, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice. By Henry C. Watson. I vol., 12mo, cloth, \$1 25. Philadelphia: J. S. Cotton & Co. POETRY.

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the Chronicle and Sentines.

ration; eleivered before the South Carolina Historical Society, Thursday, May 10, 1859. By W. H. Treecot, Esq. [From the Collections of the Historical Society of South Carolina, Vol. 3.] Charleston, S.

York: H. Dexter & Co.

Register of Rural Affairs for 1860, containing Practical
Suggestions for the Farmer and Horticulturalist; illustrated with 180 engravings, including Houses,
Farm Buildings, Implements, Fruits, Flowers, etc.
25 cents. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

The Leaders of the Reformation, Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Knox, the Representative Men of Germany, France, England, and Scotland. By Rev. J.
Tulloch, D. D. 12mo, cloth, \$1. Boston: Gould &
Lincoln.

Pencil Sketches; or, Outlines of Character and Man-ners. By Mrs. Leilie. 1 vol., 12mo, cloth, \$1 25. Philadelphia: J. S. Cotton & Co.

MEDICAL Manual of Operative Surgery on the Dead Body, with Illustrations. By Thomas Smith, F.R.C.S., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Operative Surgery at St. Sartholomew's Hospital. London: Longman.
Falconry; its Claims, History, and Fractice By G. E. Freeman, M.A., (**Perceyrine**!); and Captain F. H. Salvin. With Illustrations from Drawings by won.
London: Longman.

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ectures on the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood. By Charles West, M.D., Physician to the Hospital for Sick Children, and Physician-Accouchest to St. Bat-tholomes's Hospital. A new Edition, 'being the Fourth, revised throughout and enlarged. London:

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The Legends of the Black Watch. By James Grant
2a. 6d. London: Routledge.

Extremes; a Novel. By Emma Willaber Atkinson.
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POETRY.

The Funeral Oration of Pericles, attempted in English Rhyme: with other Verses. By William Lee, M.A. Svo. Is. London: Rivingtons.

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THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

History of Scottish Ecclesiastical and Civil Affairs from the Introduction of Christianity to the Present Time. By the Rev. John Marshall. London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1859.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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there of the Section of the Section of the County of the Section of the County of New York, Adamy, August 31, 1859.
To the Sheriff of the County of New York, Adamy, August 31, 1859.
The Section of the Section of The Section of the Edition of the Edition of the Section of New More next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit.
A Secretary of State, in the place of Godson J. Tucker;
A Comparator; in the place of Godson J. Tucker;
A Champer General, in the place of Godson J. Tucker;
An Attorney General, in the place of Tyman Ireman;
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Yan R. Richmond;

nond; A State Treasurer, in the place of Isaac V. Vanderpool; A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Charles H Bharsil; An Issuector of State Prisons, in the place of Wester Buller; A sudge of the turn or Appeals, in the place of Application

A subject of the court of Appeals, in the place of AMERICAN Indonesis, A Circk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Russell Ficks;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December with the place of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial Fastricts, in the place of James J. Russecvell, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December net will expire on the last day of December net.

Also Senators for the Fourth, Fitth, Saxth, and Seventh Senate Batricts, comproming the County of New York.

COURT OFFICER TO BE LEAVED.

Seventhern Members of Assembly:
Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the place of John Stoson and James Monorrief;
One Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Charles P. Judy;
One Justice of the Marine Court, in the place of Albert A.—Thompson;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December maxi.

CHAPTER 271.

The instruction contains the contains and the finaling debt of the State.

CHAPTER 371.

As Acr to subwit to the Prophe a Law authorizing a Lean of Two Million Free Hondred Thomand Itolians, to provide for the payment of the Ficating Bebt at the State. Passed April 13, 1850—three Stitus being present.

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July, 1865. Net A sects possessed by the Company \$570,383 43

1857. " '649,719 54

1859. Gross Assets. " '751,306 53

1859. Gross Assets. " 905,881 84

1859. Gross Assets. " 1054,377 1055,377

The directors of the Lexington Monument Amore ciation held a meeting on Monday, in the rooms of the Company.

FOR BARE AND CURIOUS

FOR BARE AND CURIOUS

The directors of the Lexington Monument Amore ciation held a meeting on Monday, in the rooms of the Country of State, and sow on the Board of Trade, Roston. Edward Everett occupied the chair. It was resolved to adopt as the idea of the contemplated monument the design of the minute man made by Hammatt Billings. This design represents a 55 Codar Street (4 doors from Postoffice), N. Y.